

The Enfield Echo

ENFIELD PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL
THOMPSONVILLE, CONNECTICUT

SENIOR
CLASS BOOK
1919

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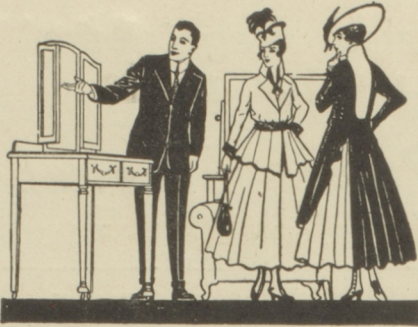
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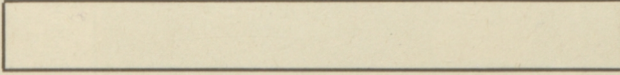
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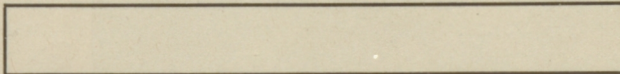
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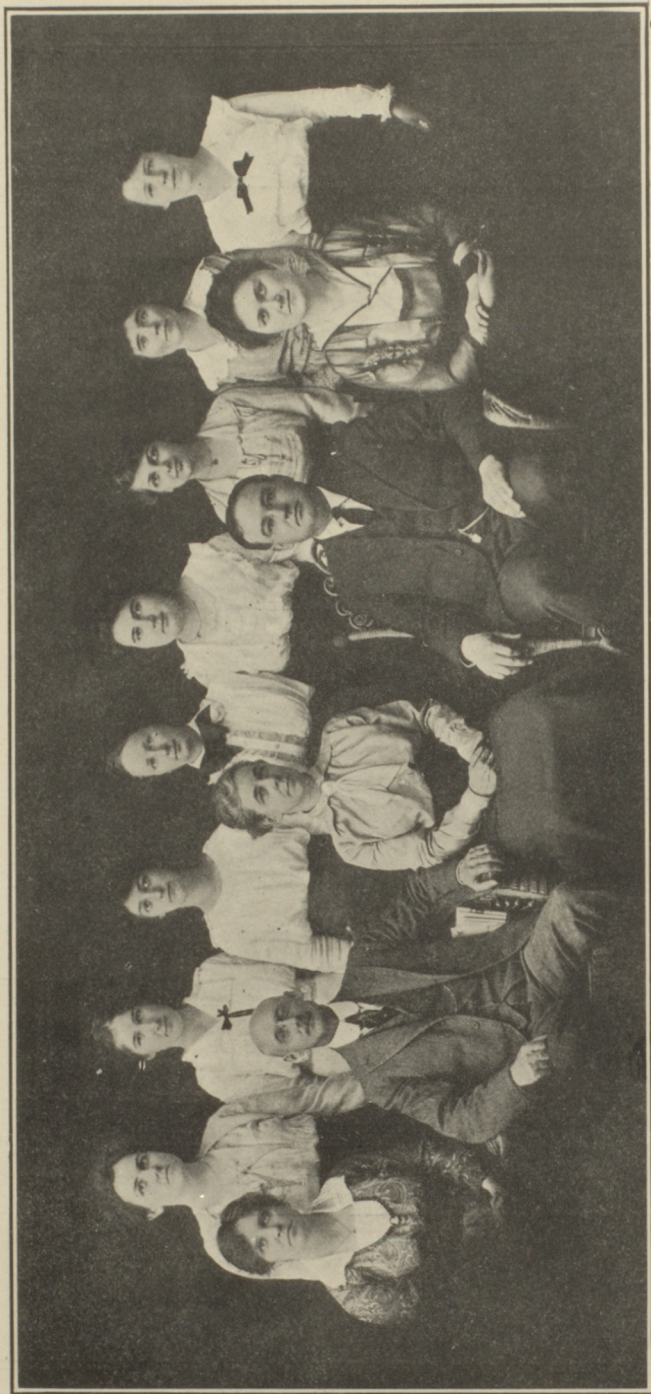


PHOTO BY THE ENFIELD STUDIO

HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

[Above]

Miss Barton Miss Frenyear Miss Johnson Miss Turner Miss Allen Miss Wright Miss Mitchell Miss Potter

[Below]

Miss Thomason Mr. King Miss Storrs Mr. Bowman Miss Cosgrove

The Enfield Echo

Published three times during the school year by the members of the Enfield Public High School. A Board of Directors chooses the staff of officers and decides all matters of vital importance to the paper. All material for publication passes through the hands of a Teachers' Committee on publication. Contributions are earnestly solicited from all students and alumni of the school. Address all literary communications to the Editor; all other communications to the Business Manager.

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VOL. VII.

THOMPSONVILLE, CONN., JUNE, 1919.

NO. 3

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

By George Romieu

Friends, this evening you are going to hear the customary class day exercises of the Enfield High school. The one big difference in our class is that it is the first class to graduate from Enfield, that has gone through the terrible four years of the war and epidemics. The world at last is beginning to settle down, and we hope that it will remain at peace forever.

The program we have arranged for this evening we hope will be enjoyable to all, and in behalf of the class of nineteen-nineteen I extend to you all a most hearty welcome.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919.

By William Manning

It scarcely seems four years since the class of nineteen-nineteen entered the Enfield Public High School. It was a green bunch of "frosh" that strolled into the corridors of the building that first morning. We hardly knew whether to turn to the left or to the right. However, we were soon relieved from this embarrassing situation by Miss Cary and Miss Parkman, who escorted the commercial people into room 8, the generals into room 9, and the classicals into room 11.

To say that we were dazzled by the beauty of the building, would not be quite true, for the first thing we noticed was the gloomy appearance of the rooms. Some of us had just come from the Alvin D. Higgins school where the walls and ceilings were white, and the dark appearance of the high school presented quite a contrast.

We had a glorious time the first day, as it took some time to get the schedule into working order.

The first few days, the upper-classmen looked us over curiously, as if we were a menagerie. They had a look of superiority and contempt on their faces, as if to say: "Well, well, will you look at that green, awkward looking bunch of freshies. It seems that they must be sending in a poorer lot of them every year. And aren't they small? Why, in a few years, if this degradation continues, future freshmen will be brought to high school in baby carriages."

However, we had one fine advantage over the upper-classmen. We were dismissed at 1.00 o'clock, while school lasted until a quarter past two for them.

Study periods were a strange novelty to us. We had never before had these spare hours for study, and we hardly knew what to do with them. Usually the period was spent more as a recreation than a study period. I must say that our class excelled all other classes in the gentle art of passing notes. Why, our system had the underground railways of the Civil War stopped in fifty different ways.

This year the exhibition which took place one year in three, was held in the old Franklin Hall. Our class again showed its superiority by its attractive exhibit which drew much attention and favorable comment.

The rest of the year passed quickly. The only diversion we had was in the form of lines. They were handed out most generously. I may truthfully say, that if all the lines I learned that first year were put together in one book, it would be of larger volume than Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Miss Potter seemed to be quite popular that year. Afternoons her room had more the appearance of the headquarters of a literary club than a school room. Several scholars used to come nightly to pay her a friendly visit and demonstrate to her how many lines they had learned.

The latter part of the year, our class was made distinguished by the appearance, one morning, of John Twiss Hunt in long trousers. If I do say so, he looked jaunty. He was always distinguished looking, and the long trousers, (which were a trifle too big), added the final finishing touch. He immediately became very popular with the girls, and has continued so ever since.

After a long and happy vacation, we returned to school in September with the dignified rank of Sophomores. We had Miss Gear for our room teacher. She gave us a vigorous and efficient administration. It was our own fault if we did not know by heart at the end of the year the rules for the conduct of a perfect lady or gentleman.

I might also add, that at the end of the year, it was a tie in which we would prefer to live, Holyoke or Westfield. Anyone in the class could draw a map of either with his eyes shut.

We elected our class officers this year. George Romieu, who had always been popular with both sexes, was elected president; Vivian Gowdy, vice-president; Anna Farr, secretary and Edward Bridge, treasurer. The class showed their confidence in Bridge by allowing him to serve with-

out bonds. He has since returned our confidence by handling in a capable and efficient manner, the cumbersome amount of money in our treasury.

The rest of our Sophomore year passed very quickly and before we were aware of it, our summer vacation came.

The following fall, we returned ready for a year of hard work. We were admitted within the sacred precincts of Room 1. We were obliged, however, to occupy front seats. This went hard with some members of the class, especially Shea, who could find no place commodious enough for his feet.

This year the staff of the Echo realized the superiority of our class and chose several representatives from among our members. We also developed good singers. Marion Ryan and Ruth Bromage sang solos and duets several times before the school in opening exercises. Miss Goldstein distinguished herself at the piano, and she was chosen to play for opening exercises.

After the Christmas vacation Mr. Parkman left us and Mr. Bowman took his place. We all felt sorry to see Mr. Parkman leave, and even though we miss his presence, yet we still feel among us his fine spirit and high standards.

Mid-year examinations were held for the first time this year. We all studied most diligently for a whole week ahead. (They say that the Electric Light Company had to run overtime to supply the extra amount of current consumed.) When the exams finally did come, they weren't half as bad as we had expected. A great load was lifted from our minds when they were over.

Our class made elaborate plans for a reception to be held after Easter. When the time drew near, however, we generously gave up our carefully formed plans, because the fortunes of war looked rather dark. We all considered it would be more in keeping with the spirit of the time to discontinue all social functions.

This year, Irene Steel was unanimously chosen as vice-president to take the place of Vivian Gowdy, who had left to attend Abbot Academy, and she has served us well since.

In the latter part of May, the staff for next year's "Echo" was announced. Charles Buscemi was chosen Editor-in-Chief, Celia Goldstein literary editor, Marion Ryan, editor of poetry, Anna Sloane, editor of war activities, and Willard Furey, '20, of jokes. William Manning was chosen business manager, with power to choose his own assistants.

The next fall, we returned to the most eventful of our four years, our Senior year. We were allowed to sit in the back seats. This gave Shea, Roberts, Romieu and a few others a chance to stretch their rather long legs in a more comfortable position than they had been able to the previous year.

John Allen Reid returned wearing long trousers. We were all amazed at first, for we had always considered Allen our class baby. For the first few weeks the feminine attention bestowed upon Reid was enough to turn any ordinary man's head, but due, perhaps, to home training, this feminine attention failed to spoil him.

During the influenza epidemic in October, the class was suddenly shocked by the death of Charles Buscemi. He was a fine character and a perfect gentleman, and the loss of one of our most beloved classmates was felt by the entire school. In no department of the school, however, was his loss felt more heavily than in the "Echo."

Anna Farr was elected Editor-in-Chief to take Buscemi's place. She has done her work well and the "Echo" has prospered under her guidance.

Our class may well be proud of its military record. Leighton Barrett enlisted in the Student Army Training Corps. Raymond Mellor enlisted in the Merchant Marine. Had the war lasted only two months longer, several more of our boys would have entered the service, as they had made definite arrangements to do so in January.

Just think of it classmates! We are the only class ever graduated from the Enfield High school, which has had one of its students a volunteer for active service in the defense of his country. We may well be proud of our class and of Mr. Mellor, who had made it possible for us to have this record.

Before Lent this year, the pupils of the high school gave a pop concert, the proceeds of which were to be used for school athletics. It was a success both financially and socially. The Senior class did fine work in promoting this social affair and it is partly due to their efforts that it turned out to be such a success.

Over the week end of May 24, our class received an invitation to visit our state college. Several Seniors took advantage of this opportunity, thereby establishing a new record for us, the first class which has taken a trip to our state college.

We also decided that we would publish a class book, with individual pictures of every member of the Senior class, instead of the usual group picture. Bridge volunteered to take the pictures. His generous offer was accepted and I am sure you will agree with me when I say that Bridge is a remarkably good photographer. This class book is an innovation which we hope future classes will continue and perfect.

Instead of blindly following the example of former classes in regard to class day exercises, our class decided to do something a little different. We decided to hold our class day exercises in the evening at the High School, to be followed by general dancing. We invited the Juniors to be our guests at these exercises.

The success of our class is due to the remarkable influence of our beloved teachers and principal. Especially let me pay tribute to our principal, Mr. Bowman. His high standard of morals has always guided and encouraged us to do bigger and greater things. He has at all times taken a personal interest in each and every one of us.

Much credit is also due our room teacher, Miss Cosgrove. Although at times the tasks she set have been rather hard, nevertheless we are so much the better for having accomplished them. She has stood ready at

all times to aid us in innumerable ways, and I express to her for this class our sincere appreciation for her unceasing work.

Let me also mention Miss Potter. It is due to her efforts that all our social functions and dramatic efforts have been crowned with success.

In conclusion, we hope that the succeeding classes will use our class as a model, and endeavor to preserve the high standard which we have set. I think you will agree with me when I say that the class of 1919 is the most remarkable class that was ever graduated from the Enfield Public High school.

CLASS PROPHECY.

By Theresa O'Connor and William O'Hear

We are living in an era of predigestion. That is, the people of the present receive everything, literally predigested. Years ago, when our great grandfathers came to this country, they settled on small farms. In the winter, they went into the forest to cut wood, for fuel. In the summer they worked hard in the fields day and night in order to get their food supplies. They raised cattle to get their meat, and leather for shoes. They wove and made their own clothing.

Today we do not give these things a thought. Why should we? We do not go into the forest for wood, for it is much easier and quicker to light the gas, or turn on the electricity. We can go down street to the stores, in any season of the year, and buy vegetables, or any foodstuffs. We can stop in the clothing stores and have a complete ready-made outfit in a short time.

Likewise, years ago, when a boy reached his manhood, there was one of two ways to make a living; he could either stay at home and follow the trade of his father, or he could run a chance on the road of luck, and take whatever he could get. Today it is different. Very seldom we see a young person following the trade of his father, either because he wants something different or else something better. However, the average young person of today need not worry what he is going to do for a living, for someone is sure to tell him just what he is going to do, and how to do it.

Tonight it is to be my privilege as the first M. D. of authority on predigestion, with the aid of my office assistant, Theresa O'Connor, who specializes particularly in hearts, to advise you, classmates, of your future. These little capsules will relieve your brain of the mighty effort of deciding for yourselves.

The name of Sloane will be changed through Anna's success, from a byword for liniment to the last word in hats.

Miss Houlihan and Miss Browne will step into the place of the Dolly Sisters, the famous dancers, and will draw huge crowds nightly in their new comedy: "Come See."

Florence Ferguson will be a famous dentist who will draw grinders with less effort than we made this grind.

Romieu will be a famous moving picture actor and his beautiful eyes will make a great hit with the New York ladies.

Mellor will be author of a book on salesmanship: "How to Tell Your Man by His Haircut."

Bridge is to be the winner of the grand prize for the non-stop trip to Mars.

Hunt, a chemist, will be able to organize a failure-proof course in elementary chemistry.

Manning will become famous as the only lawyer who wins cases by silent persuasion.

Bernice Holcomb is going to be a specialist in Voice Culture development, famous as the originator of "My Own Method of Making Myself Heard."

Anna Pianka will be a tourist's guide through the now popular Somers mountains, where she will outwalk the best.

Clarissa Hawthorne will be a Salvation Army lassie, with international fame for holeless doughnuts.

Anna Most is going to be a suffragette who will successfully bring the vote to Chinese women.

Marie Tanguay will be an illustrator, designing covers for the Men's Fireside Companion, edited by Hazel Love.

Celia Goldstein, we find, became so fond of men's attire while playing in "The Amazons," that she will take Dr. Mary Walker's place.

Isabel Courtney is to be the author of a famous book: "How to Win a Husband with a Perfect Piecrust."

Jandreau will be head of the department of dancing, added to the High school curriculum, after the popularity of the beginning made in A. D. Higgins school. He will be ably assisted by John Allen Reid.

Hilda Barden, we see, will be a Model Wife of a minister in Scitico.

Cecile Brissette will be a remarkable toe dancer, the flirt of whose skirts will break many hearts.

Emilie Bugbee is to be a proprietress of a teashop which will be renowned for "Bugbee's Butterless Buns."

Lucile Cain, having become enamored with the part of English lady in the school play, will marry a one-legged duke.

Ruth Bromage, who still loves to fly high, will be the first woman aviator to fly over the north pole.

Anna Farr will be a lightning change artist, resulting from experience gained making change at the Franklin.

Grace Smith will soon be the head of new nursing order which is training for service in the next war between the Earth and Mars.

Marian Ryan will be an old maid who will run a large and successful chicken farm. She will endeavor to complete the re-chickening of Europe.

Irene Steele will be the wife of a multimillionaire, and will dispense charity as lavishly as she now scatters her smiles among her less fortunate classmates.

The Misses Leger and Leroux will run a jitney from Somers to Thompsonville and, we expect, will put the Hartford and Springfield Street railroad out of business.

Isabel Renfrew, we see, will be a Model in The Pauline Shop, owned and run by Pauline Miller, whose reputation for stylish gowns will be unequalled in New England.

Katherine Connor will be beloved by all the youth of America for a great achievement. She will succeed in incorporating *ain't* in all grammars used in the public school system.

Roberts and Shea, we find, will be partners in a most successful undertaking business, and will take the responsibility of some day planting us all to "Rest in Peace."

CLASS STATISTICS.

By Irene Steele

George John Romieu

June 11, 1901 46 Franklin St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"Be that thou hopest to be."

George is our most popular boy. Besides being president of the class, he has managed the Basket-ball team. He has sung in the semi-chorus, and is now a member of the High School orchestra. Romieu expects to attend college next year.



☆☆☆



Irene Elizabeth Steele

December 31, 1900 Warehouse Point, Conn.

(Written by F. Ferguson)

"Many a rose is born to blush unseen."

Irene is our class beauty. She is vice president of the class and also a member of the commencement committee. Irene expects to attend New London College next fall.

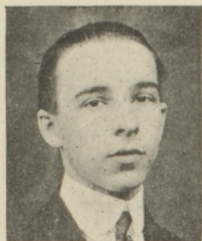
Anna Madeline Farr

January 10, 1902 44 Central St., Thompsonville, Conn.

*"Her arms upon her breast, she lay,
She was more fair than words can say."*

Of course, Ann is our class pet, as well as holding the honor of being the most talkative person in the class. Ann is the secretary of the senior class, and editor-in-chief of the "Echo." She was a member of the bowling team, and is now a member of the semi-chorus.

☆☆☆

**Edward Mervin Bridge**

December 10, 1901 22 School St., Hazardville, Conn.

"He most lives who thinks the most, acts the noblest and feels the best."

"Ted" is our brightest boy. He is now Ass't Business manager of the "Echo," besides being a member of the H. S. orchestra, the commencement committee, and taking part in the oratorical contest. "Ted" has also taken individual pictures of each member in the class, to be published in the "Echo." He expects to enter Northwestern University next fall.

☆☆☆

Hilda Minera Barden

August 16, 1902 54 Garden St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"Of all the flirts, she was the gayest."

Hilda is our class flirt. At present she is employed at the Travelers' Insurance Office, Hartford, Conn.

☆☆☆

**Cecile M. Brissette**

April 17, 1900 81 Lincoln St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"A soul as white as heaven."

"Frenchy" is a very quiet, but jolly girl, and liked by all. She is now employed by Smyth Coal and Wood Co.

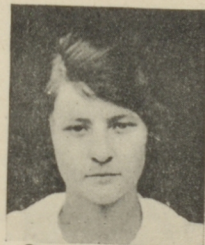
☆☆☆

Ruth Bromage

December 31, 1901 53 Central St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"Your presence will be sun, even in winter."

"Ruthie" is our most cheerful person, and the brightest girl in the class. She is also an active member in "semi." At present she is employed by the Travelers' Insurance Company, Hartford.



Virginia Browne

December 25, 1901 158 Pearl St., Thompsonville, Conn.

*"Over the hills and far away,
Her thoughts do ever idly stray."*

Virginia is a very quiet person, when in school. She participated in a dance specialty given by the High School in Casino Hall early this year. She is now employed at the Travelers' Insurance Co., although she expects to attend school again next year.



☆☆☆

Emilie Collins Bugbee

September 4, 1902

Somers, Conn.

"She noticed all with her great, brown eyes."

"Em" was a member of the Girls' bowling team. She expects to spend the next year at home, but the following year she plans on going to business school.



☆☆☆

Rena Lucille Cain

October 29, 1900 55 Garden St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

Although "Bob" has been with us but a short time she has become very well liked. She took part in the Pop Concert given by the school, and has an important part in the H. S. play. She is also the most dignified person in the class. She expects to attend a conservatory of music.



☆☆☆

Katherine G. Connor

February 19, 1903 Pleasant St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"Fond of sport, and fond of mischief."

"Kay" was a member of the bowling team. She is now employed by Lawyer Luddy, Thompsonville, Conn.



☆☆☆

Florence E. Ferguson

May 23, 1902 37 Windsor St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"Mischief danced in her very eyes."

"Flo" is our mischievous girl. She is full of fun, and always looking for some sort of sport.





Isabelle Allene Courtney

March 9, 1902

Somers, Conn.

"She taketh most delight in music and in poetry."

"Ib" is a member of the semi. She will attend Willimantic Normal school next fall.

☆ ☆ ☆

Celia Filene Goldstein

February 10, 1902 78 Prospect St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"She adorned whatever subject she spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence."

"Goldy" is our class musician as well as our class author. She was a member of the basket-ball team, the "Echo" staff, the H. S. orchestra, the semi, the commencement committee, and took the leading part in the play.



☆ ☆ ☆



Clarissa Sophia Hawthorne

January 24, 1901

No. Maple St., Hazardville, Conn.

"She taketh delight in whatever she doeth."

Clarissa is a girl beloved by all her classmates. She would rather bowl and play basket ball, than eat.

☆ ☆ ☆

Bernice Holcomb

September 20, 1899

Somerville, Conn.

"Her voice was ever gentle and low."

"Bern" is our quietest person. She expects to attend school next year.



☆ ☆ ☆



Florence Margaret Houlihan

December 17, 1902

59 Walnut St, Thompsonville, Conn.

"The very flower of life."

"Flo" took part in a dance specialty at the Pop Concert. Although now employed at the Travelers' she expects to enter a Civil Service school next fall.

John Hunt

August 13, 1901

Somers, Conn.

"Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after."

"Jack" was on both the baseball and bowling teams. He expects to attend school next year.



☆ ☆ ☆

Frederick C. Jandreau

August 1, 1901

New St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"Standing with reluctant feet."

"Jeddy" is our most mischievous boy. He was a member of the basket ball team, and is now employed by Benjamin & Connor, Ins. Agents, Hartford.



☆ ☆ ☆

Anna Germaine Leger

August 19, 1900

Somersville, Conn.

"Always the same, quiet, light-hearted and calm."

Anna is a typist at Travelers' in Hartford.



☆ ☆ ☆

Virginia Mary Leroux

December 25, 1901

Somersville, Conn.

"Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied."

Virginia left us early to enter the office of a hardware firm in Springfield.



☆ ☆ ☆

Hazel Agnes Love

July 1, 1902

40 Walnut St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep."

"Lovey" intends to enter Normal School next year.





William Francis Manning

July 15 1900 Springfield Road, Thompsonville, Conn.
"Men are happiest when they are far from home."

"Pat" is a very active member in the class. He is our class flirt, our class orator and class dancer. He is the Business Manager of the Echo, a member of the commencement committee and historian of the class. He expects to enter the University of Virginia next fall.

☆ ☆ ☆

Raymond Leslie Mellor

July 9, 1899 Walnut St., Thompsonville, Conn.
"The endearing elegance of female friendship."

"Ray" has been quite popular during his high school career. He was a member of the baseball and football team, the Glee club, the semi, and the "Echo" staff. During the past year he has been serving with the Merchant Marine, and has lately been released from service.



☆ ☆ ☆

E. Pauline Miller

July 27, 1902 158 Enfield St., Thompsonville, Conn.
"Her merry heart goes all the day."

Pauline is a very jolly girl, and her good nature and happy laugh are often the causes of her afternoon sessions. She has an important part in the H. S. play.

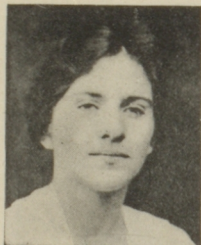


☆ ☆ ☆

Anna Marie Most

April 10, 1902 Oak Ave., Thompsonville, Conn.
"According as a person is, so must you humor him."

For the past year "Nan" has been librarian for the school. She expects to attend Normal school next year.



☆ ☆ ☆

Theresa O'Connor

July 11, 1902 49 Alden Ave., Thompsonville, Conn.
"A light heart lives long."

"Tessie" is our best all round girl. She is always the same, continually smiling. She is our class athlete, being captain of the basket ball team and a member of the Athletic council. She is also our class prophetess.



William James O'Hear

July 23, 1901

Enfield St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"If it were done, when t's done, then t'were well it were done quickly."

"Skeats" is our class athlete and best all round boy. He is a member of the athletic council, the bowling team, captain of the basket ball team, and the class prophet. He expects to attend the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.



☆ ☆ ☆

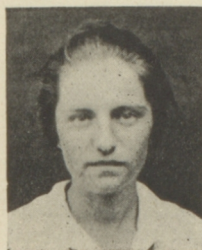
Anna Mary Planka

July 4, 1901

Hazardville, Conn.

"She who seldom speaks is a genius or a heroine."

"Annie" is our most bashful girl, as well as most studious. She expects to enter another school next fall.



☆ ☆ ☆

Allen Reid

November 14, 1903

Enfield St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"He picked something out of everything he read."

Allen is very mischievous and well liked by all the class, but he has been chosen as our class bluff



☆ ☆ ☆

Isabel Agnes Renfrew

May 19, 1903

Harzardville, Conn.

"Courage mounteth with occasion."

Isabell left school this year to work in the office of the Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Co., Thompsonville



☆ ☆ ☆

Malcolm Davidson Roberts

February 27, 1901

45 Central St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"His style shows the man; whether in speaking or dressing, a man is always known by his style."

"Mal" has taken an active part in the Glee club, in football, basketball, bowling and dramatics. He is our best looking boy, our class sport and our class dude.



**Marion Beach Ryan**

January 22, 1902

25 Maple St., Hazardville, Conn.

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."

Marion is our most popular girl, and our class poetess. She has taken part in many school specialties, in dramatics, and bowling. She is a member of the "Echo" staff and commencement committee.

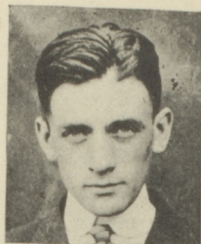
☆☆☆

William Leo Shea

November 18, 1901 20 Wanut St., Thompsonville, Conn.

By and by is easily said."

"Shacker" has been prominent in athletics. He has been manager of the basket ball and football teams, and a member of the bowling team. He is our most bashful boy.



☆☆☆

**Anna Sloane**

June 5, 1901

Central St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"All she doeth she doeth well."

"Nancy" is a girl loved by all, from the biggest senior to the smallest freshman. She is a member of the exchange and war departments of the "Echo." In 1918 she took leading part in the H. S. play. She is also a member of the athletic council.

☆☆☆

Grace Hart Smith

August 14, 1900

20 Garden St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"As many men, so many minds, every one has his own way."

Grace has taken part in dance specialties and dramatics. She was the manager of the Girls' Basket ball team.



☆☆☆

**Marie V. Tanguay**

January 9 1901

189 Enfield St., Thompsonville, Conn.

"Act in the present life."

Miss Fritz left school early to work at Travelers' in Hartford.

ADVICE TO UNDERGRADUATES.

By William Shea

Teachers, Friends, and Undergraduates: We, the Senior class, having reached the pinnacle of our High School career, and just having time to notice you, find that you are alarmingly deficient in many respects. Therefore I am here, Undergraduates, to advise you of these deficiencies, which you must correct.

Freshmen: You should not wear straw hats, sneakers or boy scout uniforms to school. They are useless and out of style. We know you possess them, so therefore keep such articles out of sight. Secondly: You should have at this time an appreciation and love for art in the forms in which it exists in this school. Finding ourselves overburdened in Room 1 with works of art, we generously offered them to you, and you took them. Sometime you must show your appreciation of our gifts so that we may know how they have impressed you.

Moreover, Freshmen, at this time we find many of you have far too easy daily tasks. Owing to new regulations about dropping subjects failed, some of you are reduced to half a class daily. This never happened to us and we do not feel it is fitting that you should have such members in your class. Again, young Freshmen, we must advise you against possessing so much community spirit in your civics meetings. Please remember that unfortunately the walls of our school are not sound-proof as you seem to think; that you are supposed to make yourselves heard, but not by shouting at the top of your voices.

Sophomores: You are a patriotic class, but patriotic in the wrong way. When rivalry between two rooms arises do not cause a riot, or something of like character, by trying to show how superior you are to your classmates. Do not quarrel over Red Cross quotas as there is only one way to achieve distinction in that respect.

Do not be so noisy, Sophomores, when passing out after school. You alone of all the four classes in this school must have a complicated system of passing out of your room in order that the furniture may not be broken and the whole school upset. Why must you cause your teacher so much trouble by forcing her to devise such a system? Let us hope that at least you will suppress this hilarity on entering again next fall.

Sophomores: You seem to be equal to the Freshmen in being a nuisance to your teachers in regard to study. The few times in past years that the Senior class attended study hall they went to Room 1. But this year it has been changed to Room II. The reason for this is apparent. In order to save the transferring of Room II bodily to another room the study hall was moved. Now the sophomores stay in their seats and study hall comes to them. This, however, has its advantages as the two platoon system of passing out is deferred another hour, and the other classes can pass without being disturbed by our hilarious sophomores.

Juniors: You who next year must take our place as fathers of the

school, need a little advice from your superiors. You also have your faults, but you do not see them so we must point them out to you.

First of all learn how to conduct a class meeting. Your education in this respect has been neglected but you may rely on us for assistance. Secondly, you should also take a course of study in high finance. When we recall that twenty or thirty Juniors spent from two to three hours finding out the best place to invest their class fund of twenty-five dollars, we feel sorry for the neglected education of our followers and subordinates. And Juniors, if you would wish to be good imitators of us you must acquire dignity. To acquire dignity you must acquire long trousers. One cannot be dignified in short trousers. By all means purchase them and at the same time soften your voices. Softened voices are also essential to dignity.

We have been able to place the blame for these errors I have mentioned on individual classes, but there are some few flagrant mistakes which are the fault of the whole school, and of these I must speak next.

One of these faults is the number of books carried home by the average underclassman. Some take six, others more or less. This custom is prevalent and must be checked. So do as we have done, take one only, and you will come out just as well.

The pupils of the domestic science class seem to fill the whole building with tantalizing odors of food. But the only consumers of the food which causes such odors are our teachers. Why slight the rest of the school? You must remember that we also have an appetite which, owing to your unkindness, must be satisfied at the soda fountain.

Within the last month another order has been put into effect. All students are to leave the building during noon hours. The direct cause of this we do not know. But we ascribe it to the noises which come up the stairway from the freshmen. There used to be a rule like that in the grades but this is the first time it has happened in High School. During our last year we are embarrassed by rules which are the direct result of the misdoings of underclassmen. So undergraduates, please be careful not to cause any more such rules.

We must devote a little time to our teachers. Teachers, we beg of you to be more lenient with the lower classes than you have been with us. Also when next June comes do not frighten the present Juniors by telling them you will not pass them unless they know such and such a thing. You may frighten them, though you have failed to frighten us. Besides, the time to say such a thing is at the beginning of the year not in the last month.

In closing, Undergraduates, let me remind you that I have enumerated only a few of your faults and we hope you will correct them. Were I to tell you of them all you would correct none. So, as you have only a few to correct our fond hope is that none will be overlooked and another year will find you all more worthy of following in the path our illustrious feet have trod.

RESPONSE FOR THE SCHOOL.

By John Bright, 1920

Teachers, friends and members of the Senior Class: We have listened diligently to all this kind advice. We certainly appreciate the interest you have taken in us, Seniors, and assure you we will work hard to make ourselves worthy of the places we are to fill next year. But, regardless of our appreciation, we must tell you that the greater part of your criticism of us is greatly exaggerated.

To begin with, let me defend our Freshmen Class. This class, as you have said, dear seniors, is guilty of wearing sneakers and boy scout uniforms to school. But, you must remember, they are young. Give them a chance. They, too, are guilty of dropping subjects and of thinking the walls of our school are sound proof. But, were you not guilty of these same things when you were Freshmen? Of course you were, and guilty of worse than these; and besides you had not half as many good points as this class. For instance, our Freshmen boys never go around the building with coats off, and their sleeves rolled up. When they heard that the play tickets had to be sold, Miss Mitchell was busy for three hours handing them tickets to sell. On the other hand she was busy three more hours trying to get the seniors to take a few tickets. It would take the rest of the evening to enumerate their many other good points so, let me tell you, our Freshmen Class is the best that ever entered the E. H. S., with the exception of our Juniors.

Next in the line of defense is our Sophomore Class. It, while not being as good as our Freshman Class, is doing some fine work, to overbalance the faults you have pointed out to them, all of which, we find, are correct. They are very noisy. But, the room teacher is seeing to it that they will be less noisy in their future high school years. Next to the Seniors, they have the majority in Study room. They take home many books, but they are not read. But we must not overlook their good points. The greatest of these is their willingness to work. Here I might say, the teachers are thankful that they didn't take after the senior class. For two weeks they worked hard building booths for the Pop Concert. Every night before they leave school, they pick up all the papers from the floor: And last, but not least, they have a sensible taste for neckties. Compare theirs with the Seniors, to prove this statement.

We next come to the most courteous, well behaved, and most obliging class of the school—the class of 1920. And for them we ought to feel sorry. Why? Because, those big husky Seniors are trying to crush them. These Seniors are jealous of the Juniors for more reasons than one. And before beginning my defense of the Juniors, I am going to tell a little story which will explain this jealousy. On the twentieth of May the Juniors gave a dance and made twenty-five dollars. The Seniors wanted to borrow this money to purchase a class gift. They had not a cent in their treasury. The Juniors knowing the Seniors too well, decided to deposit it. It took them forty minutes to do so, but the Senior spy could not tell time

and so accused the Juniors of spending three hours to complete this little job. This story explains the whole thing. The Juniors know they are not perfect by any means. They realize their class meetings could be better but they are satisfied with them.

However, their faults are overbalanced by their good work. They have contributed a fine gentleman for the leading part of the play. They sold many tickets for the play. They have always respected the Seniors and helped them. Why, when the Seniors knew their essays for the class book were unreadable, they brought them to the Junior Commercials to type for them. And of course the Juniors did. The Juniors have even offered their services to decorate the hall for graduation. In what other way could they show their love for the Seniors? And still the Seniors try to oppress them.

Before closing, let me give a word of advice to the Seniors. Please, dear Seniors, acquire a little pep and be not so lazy. When you are asked to do a favor, forget you know any such excuses as, "I have an appointment with the dentist" or "my mother is sick," and do the favor asked. When exams come around, don't lose courage and stay home. Take your medicine. There are many matters I would like to discuss with you but haven't the time.

Therefore, in conclusion let me say even though you have wronged us, we, the undergraduates, still love you and wish you the best of luck in the years to come.

CLASS JINGLE.

By Pauline Miller

Oh Marion, you studious child!
What makes you seem so very mild?
Come join us now, and leave your work
E'en though you think you should not
shirk.

You spend your days in endless study,
So your cheeks are no longer ruddy.
But sometimes at evening off you go,
And so perhaps you're not so "slow."

Celia is a happy lass
And loved by every one in the class,
She's full of glee, and full of song,
And willing to play for you, all day long.

Now Edward Bridge, the quiet boy,
Who always seems asleep,
In Powder Hollow finds his joy,
You know! "Still waters run deep."

Clarissa Hawthorne's a quiet lass,
She studies all day long;
Although she seldom talks in class,
They say she's never wrong!

An ordinary, lively maid,
With eyes that show her glee,
At some mistakes by others made;
Here's spry Em'ly Bugbee.

Anna Most is like a worm,
For all the live long day,
She will wiggle and giggle, and some-
times squirm,
Whether at work or play.

Irene has such a thirst for knowledge,
She's sure she must attend a college;
New London'll be the lucky place,
And snatch this damsel of such grace!

Roberts at a glance would seem
The stillest boy in school;
But you ought to see him bob about
On a piano stool.

Now Johnnie Hunt is a wicked lad,
For when we have an exam,
Or current events, Oh! isn't it sad?
He becomes a very ill man!

Shea is long, lean and lank,
With a swelled head they say;
And his neckties will surely rank,
The first in any display.

Our class contains an athlete strong,
His name you've heard the whole year
long,
For he's won honor, bright and fair,
That same old boy, Billie O'Hear.

And now there's Hazel Love, you see
Who seems so very shy to me,
But when she's out in company,
She's much more lively and full of glee.

One classmate's hit with a dancing bug,
And he's at it with "some speed,"
He thinks there's only one person,
Who should dance with Allen Reid!!

George Romieu is our class president,
As you all may know;
That he is musical is evident,
From the way we hear him blow.

At midnight or at early morn,
A dreadful noise is heard;
Now what is that, what can it be?
Why Manning and his Ford!

Isabel is a modest girl,
A musical student you know;
But all the folks in Somers say that
She knows how to catch a beau.

Who didn't talk while I was out?
The teacher quick demands?
I wonder who? Oh very few,
Only Anna Pianka stands!

Now Marie lives on Enfield Street,
A quiet appearing girl,
She never misses a day at school,
And never forgets her curl!

Virginia Browne's so meek and mild,
You'd think she was a wee small "child."
But we know Virginia is almost wild.
For taking walks on the hill called
"Mile."

Ruth Bromage is a studious child
At the head of our history class,
No matter what Mr. Bowman demands
Ruthie will surely pass.

Now Fred's quite fond of dancing,
When it comes to "jazz" he's there;
He doesn't give a rap though
Who's the other of the pair.

And next in line is Lucille Cain,
Who always favors one named "Bill";
We wonder why she likes the lane,
Which folks call "Pearl" in Thompson-
ville.

Tess O'Connor is our basketball girl,
Who does almost every thing with a
whirl;
• She sure does make the basket ball fly,
When she often catches it on the sly.

Florence Houlihan by the reports,
Is getting to be quite a sport,
For since she has the new style of hair,
It is hard for her a hat to wear!!

The youngest one in our whole class,
Is Isabel Renfrew you know;
You'd think she was more than fifteen
on a bid,
But really and truly its so!

Although she used to be quite stout,
She now is almost slim;
But no one in our school could say
That Katherine Connor's prim.

She always has a smile for you,
No matter when or where,
But still I've heard some people say,
When she has a grouch, beware!

Now Flo, you know is a history shark;
Why Mr. Bowman must remark,
That the moment "Miss Ferguson" is
heard,
She's out of her seat with the speed of
a bird.

Oh Anna Farr. She combines in one girl
So many characteristics,
I cannot describe her in any one word,
Or pin her down by statistics.

A student she is this Anna Farr,
A flirt too, would you believe it!
And business ability is hers to command
If she'd only stop to achieve it!

But she bustles and talks and rattles
about
Like corn in a hot corn popper;
But one thing's been known to quiet her
down,
French Heels plus a fire-drill, will stop
her!

Bernice Holcomb believes this old world
of ours,
Has done its full share of crying;
So she finds the most fun every day
of her life,
By giggling while others are sighing.
I think she jots down some notes every
day,
Of the joys and fun of living;
By and by a book called "Why we
should Smile,"
She to the world will be giving.

Cecile Brissette is so quiet,
She never talks much at all;
But the best thing to liven her up a bit,
Is to play at basket ball.

We give to the world a startling gift,
To fulfill its greatest need;
In talking and walking Grace Smith
displays,
Our American slogan "Speed."

Pauline is our class poetess,
We all admire her skill,
She says that she can't write a poem,
As an amateur poetess will.

Pauline is fond of vaudeville too,
She likes the thrilling scene;
This year she helps the dramatic club,
By playing as Thomasin!!

Behind her goggles large and grim
Virginia Leroux resides;
Could specs get her through school and
land,
A first rate job, besides?

A. Leger's going to leave us,
A. Leger'll still be here,
And yet we'll have A. Leger,
For another year.

With just a little powder,
And just a little puff,
'Twould be all right if Hilda'd stop
When she'd put on enough.

Mellor, Mellor, we've been thinking,
What an easy thing 'twould be,
If we'd each won our diploma,
Sailing o'er the bright blue sea.

When Anna was a Freshman
She was surely very shy,
As innocent and sweet a maid
As you would ever spy.

But now she is a Senior,
She's not so free from guile,
And many a heart has gone to smash,
Led on by Anna's smile.

CLASS SONG.

We've been waiting, waiting ever,
Hoping we might join the fight.
Duty now is calling, calling
Telling us our turn's in sight.
So now "Farewell", old Enfield High,
The Class of '19 says good-bye.

Each of us must now sail forward.
In our frail, unfinished boat,
Some will sink while they are launch-
ing,
Some will bravely onward float.
But now "Farewell", old Enfield High.
The class of '19 says good-bye.

Those who well withstand the battles,
Those who live through toil and strife,
Gladly will remember Enfield
And their happy school-day life.
But now "Farewell," old Enfield High,
The class of '19 says good-bye.

Words by Marion Ryan

CLASS SONG.

Music by Celia Goldstein

We've been wait-ing, wait-ing ev-er, Hop-ing we might join the fight, Du-ty

now is call-ing, call-ing, tell-ing us our turn's in sight. So now fare-well

Old En-field High, The class of Nin-teen says good-bye.

CLASS PRESENTATIONS.

By Clarissa Hawthorne and John Hunt

Marion Ryan.....*A Match*

In the parlor there were three,
The maid, the parlor lamp and he
Two are company without a doubt
And so—the parlor lamp went out
So now we give this match to you
To make those present more than two.

Virginia Leroux.....*"How you
Gonna Keep 'em down on the Farm."*

Virginia lives so far away
She has to make herself be gay
So she sings in the house or around the
barn
"How Ya' Gonna Keep 'em down on the
farm."

Bernice Holcomb.....*Grit*

Bernice you are far too shy
Although at times you are quite spry
Wherever you go, you'll "make a hit"
If you'd only use a little "grit."

Pauline Miller.....*Clothes Pins*

Pauline's lips are always moving
And her whisper can be heard
As across room one she hollers,
Just one tiny little word
Then a teacher softly scolds her
And Pauline blushes like a rose
So we give her just two clothes pins
To keep her mouth in the schoolroom
closed.

Emily Bugbee.....*Stuffed Cat*

Have you ever heard the saying,
Well I'll tell you without delaying
"Curiosity killed a cat"
What do you think about that?
Now when you've a task to be done
Be careful you don't kill this one.

William Shea.....*Bright Tie*

Shea is clever and witty too
Well I guess!
But he likes a bright necktie
Oh my! Yes!
So we give him just one more
To be his best!

Anna Leger....*Doll Dressed as Butler*

Anna likes a Henry and a Butler too,
So both feet fit in the same shoe.
But Henry often has to work so late

That we for her a friend must make,
So now when Henry has work to do
This Butler will keep her from feeling
blue.

Celia Goldstein.....*Powder Puff*

Oh Celia is a wonderful child,
But she is not so very mild.
Music is her great delight,
She just plays with all her might,
Of vim she surely has enough,
But she loves to use a powder puff.

Isabel Courtney.....*Horn*

Oh Isabel you must accept
A horn from us.
Because we know you'll sleep all day
And cause a fuss,
Unless you hear a blast to make
You catch the bus;
You're always late but with this we know
You'll rouse or bust.

Anna Most.....*Snake*

Just take one look at Anna Most,
She's a charm of which we can boast,
And that one charm which brings her
fame
Is because of the snakes that she can
tame.

Cecile Brissett.....*Megaphone*

Oh Cecille you are quite too modest,
You never say a word.
This little gift we'll give to you
So that you can be heard.

Florence Ferguson.....*Kewpie*

To Flo we give a kewpie dear,
Because I think the fact is clear
That that which gives her greatest joy,
Is Chubby not an unknown boy.
And Kewpies is so cute and fat,
He may sometimes serve for that,
And bring to Flo a pleasant dream
So that she can always beam.

Ruth Bromage.....*Cake of Bon Ami*

Your cheeks they are so very bright,
We give you this to make them white;
So now when in the world you go
Fluttering and dancing to and fro,
Just remember dear old Enfield High
And put some of this on, on the sly.

Katherine Connor.....*Box of "Sunshine Biscuits"*

Cheerful as the day is long,
That's how Katherine goes along,
With never a thought of anything sad
Because she always is so glad.
And I've a reason for this fact,
But we can't state it with much tact;
"Sunshine Biscuits" so they say,
Makes Catherine always seem too gay,

Anna Sloane.....*Hair Tonic*

Oh where! oh where! have those little
bangs gone,
Oh where, oh where can they be?
We've looked for them ever and anon
But no sign of them can we see.
This hair tonic will make them grow
So soon we'll have no fear,
Because without them you really show
That your beauty is more clear.

Marie Tanguay.....*Flag*

This is for our patriot brave,
Who so many brothers gave;
We proudly pin this flag on you
Because we know that you are true.

Anna Pianka.....*Glasses*

Anna Pianka studys so
She'll need some glasses we all know;
So now we give her this new pair
And ask her to use them with great care.
For we would hate to have her find
Some birght day that she is blind;
So Anna dear just take these
And use them also, if you please.

Isabel Renfrew.....*Book for Snaps*

I've heard of the beautiful pictures,
On the history of the past,
And Isabel I want to say
I hope your taste will last.
So now this book we give to you
To keep the fact in mind.
And sometimes you must take a few,
But remember we're not blind.

William Manning.....*Balloon*

Manning is that boy with knowledge
Who likes best to talk and dance,
But when over at Stoors College
He couldn't shimme, not a chance,
Now this costly gift we'll give him,
So perhaps he can prepare,
For some future time beyond him
To be ne'er without hot air.

Theresa O'Connor..*String of Boy Dolls*

Oh Tess is quite a teacher,
Of that we are quite sure
Because her pupils meet her
Wherever she may tour.
They escort her to her doorstep,
They never let her go,
But even in the hallway
They follow to and fro,
We'd hate to make her lonesome
So we'll give this little row,
And whenever she is left alone
These lads will love her so.

William O'Hear.....*"g" for "in" to make "ing"*

Billy is quite a boy they say,
And with them we all agree;
But Billy, you can say what you may,
Will never say "ing" with a "g"

George Romieu.....*A Drum*

Oh George your music is sublime,
But pounding on desks is not so fine;
We give you now a little drum
So you must give us some real good fun.
Come pound on your drum and off we'll
go

To give the town a farewell show.

Anna Farr.....*Rubber Band*

Anna take this rubber band,
Keep it tightly in your hand,
And when "rubber" you begin to say
Just turn your thoughts the other way;
For although you may be "kidding",
We do not like to heed your bidding.

Lucille Cain.....*Picture of Billy Burke*

When your Billy boy's away,
And you're alone some dreamy day,
Just keep this Billy girl with you
But still to Billy boy be true.

Hilda Barden.....*Hair Cutters*

For here is Hilda, our class flirt,
Oh my but doesn't she look pert!
And notice how she's curled her hair,
Won't she make the people stare?

Hazel Love.....*Man Doll*

Hazel, I've hearing, hearing
Of the bad things you have done;
Soon I'll be hearing, hearing
Of the man that you have won.
You will have to treat them better
If you really want a man;
With this stuffed one we will test you
Bluff him, if you can.

Edward Bridge.....*Stationery*
 When far away from home and friends
 And all that you hold dear,
 We hope that you will use this gift
 That we from you may hear.

Fred Jandreau.....*Chewing Gum*
 Chewing day, chewing night,
 Fred you surely are a sight!
 Here's some gum, 'tis cheap we know,
 We give it 'cause you love it so.

Allen Reid.....*Dancing Doll*
 You've got dancing on the brain,
 If you dance too much you'll go insane;
 We know 'tis fine, but oh my boy!
 You waste your time in foolish joy.

Malcolm Roberts.....*Girl Doll*
 Malcolm likes a social whirl,
 He's in delight when he's with a girl.
 But Mal we give this last advise,
 You'll look out for them if you are wise.

Grace Smith.....*Record*
 Oh Grace my dear, you talk so fast,
 We have no fear your word will be last;
 So we hand to you this record to beat;
 To hear the centest will be a treat.

Raymond Mellor..*Lucky Strike Cigarette*
 Oh Ray you are a lucky guy
 To have finished so easily your last year
 in high;

So now we know that you would like
 To have this box of "Lucky Strike."

Virginia Browne.....*Telephone*
 Ring, ting a ling, Virginia dear,
 This is a thing we often hear;
 For a certain young man

So very well known,
 Surely keeps Virginia busy at the phone.

Florence Houlihan.....*Rouge*
 A complexion is quite essential
 For ladies as fine as Flo,
 We give you this box of rouge
 T'will add to your color so.
 But Flo please don't be offended,
 Don't use it unless you will;
 But we thought perhaps you'd like it
 To be stylish to your fill.

John Hunt.....*Remedy for Thin People*
 Hunt, you really are terribly thin,
 You must look out or you'll be nothing
 but skin.

I'll give you this remedy, it's good they
 say,
 And now I know you'll be fat some day.

Irene Steele.....*Fortune Book*
 I hate to tell tales out of school,
 And I know that that's against the rule.
 So I'll simply make a suggestion clear
 That some thoughts to Irene are very
 dear;
 We're giving her a fortune book,
 So that she for hers might look.

Clarissa Hawthorne.....*Necklace*
 C—is for her Courteous way of speak-
 ing,
 L—is for her large and generous heart,
 A—is for the aid she's always giving,
 R—is for readiness to take her part;
 I—stand for interest never ceasing,
 S and S—means smiles for everyone,
 A—is for her actions self relying.
 And now we have her name all done.

"THE AMAZONS."

The High School play this year was "The Amazons," by Artinur Pinero. The play is set in England. Lady Castlejordan, much disappointed that her three children are girls, brings them up as boys, and the play represents the difficulties which arise when the girls fall in love. Lady Noeline, the oldest, happens to meet Lord Litterly, who proves to be her cousin, and who is bitterly hated by Lady Castlejordan, as he is the heir to the title. Her sisters, Lady Wilhelmina, and Lady Thomasin, are attracted by De Grival, a Frenchman, and Tweenwayes, an Englishman, both regarded with disfavor by the mother, the former because of his

nationality and the latter because of his physical weakness. During Lady Castlejordan's absence, the men and girls meet at Overcote Park, the estate of the Castlejordans, where no men have formerly been permitted to enter. Many interesting incidents occur, especially as Lady Thomasin and Lady Wilhelmina object to Lord Litterly, and as Lady Noeline dislikes the other suitors.

The dignified Lady Castlejordan was skillfully represented by Lucile Cain, and the typical English clergyman by Theodore Goldthorpe.

Lady Noeline, the oldest daughter, was admirably portrayed by Celia Goldstein, and her younger sisters, Lady Wilhelmina and Lady Thomasin, by Helen Stone and Pauline Miller.

Harry Grindle, as Lord Litterly, always calm and cool in contrast to the more excitable Frenchman, De Grival, and the Englishman, Tweenwayes, displayed ease and poise in his part. Myron Burgess, as De Grival, and John Brown, as Tweenwayes, made the humorous situations of the play possible. John Brown's accent and superior air are especially worthy of mention, and we were delighted with Burgess's very capable interpretation of the Frenchman, who never succeeds in being an Englishman.

The following minor characters also were every well represented: Sergeant Shuter, by Grace Smith; Youatt, a servant, by John Hunt; Fitton, a gamekeeper, by George Dockham, and Orts, a poacher, by James Ryan.

The attractive dances which added so much to the enjoyment of the play, were interpolated by Miss Potter.

It has always been Miss Potter's aim to present a play above the average simple high school play, and much credit should be given her for her selection of "The Amazons," and for her skill and untiring effort in directing and managing a rather difficult performance. The whole affair was a decided success, and has added to Enfield's reputation for unusually good plays.

CAST (In order of appearance.)

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| 1. Youatt, (a servant), | John Hunt, '19 |
| 2. Rev. Roger Minchin, | Theodore Goldthorpe, '20 |
| 3. Miriam (Marchioness of Castlejordan), | Lucille Cain, '19 |
| 4. Lady Wilhelmina Belturbet, (her daughter), | Helen Stowe, '20 |
| 5. Lady Thomasin Bulturbet, (her daughter), | Pauline Miller, '19 |
| 6. Lady Noeline Belturbet, (her daughter), | Celia Goldstein, '19 |
| 7. "Sergeant" Shuter, | Grace Smith, '19 |
| 8. Orts (a poacher), | James Ryan, '21 |
| 9. Andre, Count de Grival, | Myron Burgess, '21 |
| 10. Galfred, Earl of Tweenwayes, | John Brown, '21 |
| 11. Barrington, Viscount Litterly, | Harry Grindle, '20 |
| 12. Fitton (a gamekeeper), | George Dockham, '21 |

A LETTER 'FROM MR. PARKMAN.

Liffol le Grand, France, March 29, 1919.

Dear Miss Sloane:

Your invitation to write something for publication in the school paper is certainly appreciated. " 'Tis pleasant to be remembered," at any time, and especially so when one is so far away from the old associations. The distance seems great because so much lies between. All of France, nearly, is to the west of this point and stretching beyond the whole width of the Atlantic. The distance seems greater, too, because it takes so long for letters to come and go. I write home and in six weeks or so I may expect a reply, if all goes well. This letter will very likely not reach you until after Easter, but ought to be in your hands before the summer vacation, at least.

It is difficult to decide just what to put into my letter; there are so many things of interest that keep crowding up into memory as I write.

I would like just to mention some of the more important happenings since I left home on the 8th of October, 1918, but the mere enumeration would take so much time that I must confine myself to a very brief account of some few places I have visited in this country during the last few months. Perhaps I ought to state first of all, that my present work centers at Liffol le Grand, in the Dept. Haute Vosges, near Neufchateau. Since coming to France, however, I have had three very interesting trips, one from Paris to Nancy by way of Chateau Thierry and Toul, another from Neufchateau to Varennes by way of Commercy, St. Mihiel and Verdun, and a third from Bazailles to Nîmes, by way of Dijon, Lyons, Avignon, Arras and Marseilles. On this first trip I caught my first sight of a battle ground. At Chateau Thierry, we saw the shell holes all around in the fields, barbed wire entanglements here and there, and ruined houses staring at us from every strategic point. Toul does not seem badly damaged. Its immense surrounding hills covered with fortifications have protected the city from bombardment, but Nancy shows plainly the effect of the repeated bombings to which it was exposed. In the cities and villages over here there are hardly any wooden buildings. Everything is of stone or stone and plaster, and the buildings are set close together forming an almost continuous line from one street to the next. There are of course, exceptions to this, such as the cathedrals, municipal buildings, schools, municipal theater, depots, museums, and occasionally chateaux.

In such close set buildings, most of them very old, it is easy to picture the havoc made by the German aerial bombs as they were dropped again and again upon a city like Nancy. I remember distinctly the appearance of one street, the buildings vacant, great holes in the walls, windows boarded up or shutterless, and everything silent and deserted. The cathedral, too, showed the effect of the bombs falling in the square in front of it. Its face was all chipped and marred as by a perfect hail-storm of iron missiles, its great windows high up, broken in pieces, its carved woodwork splintered and torn. Nancy (pronounced here Noncy)

is an old, old city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, close to the Lorraine boundary, and not far from Metz, but about all I can recall after a visit of three days, is that street of ruined buildings, the cathedral, some beautifully carved fountains and statues and the places d'abri, shelter places, or dugouts in the principal squares.

My next trip, to Varennes, was rather unusual and particularly interesting; unusual because made almost entirely by truck or camionette, when not made "à pied." It is quite the thing here to start out on foot for some place eight or ten kilometers away, hail some truck or automobile hurrying along in the same direction, climb on board and ride gayly to the next stopping place, then on foot as before. The trip was unusual too, because on the way back I had quite an exciting ride upon a great truck load of unexploded German bombs and anyone who has ridden on government trucks knows how they go rushing down the hills and slip by one another with scarcely an inch to spare. The trip was interesting to me especially, because it took me to ground made familiar to us all and famous too, by the fierce fighting of our N. E. boys.

As you stand on the summit of Fort Romaine hill at St. Mihiel, you see the miles of trenches and acres of wire entanglements all about you. The fort itself—even now—is badly shot up, and even now the great shells are lying about in the grass, "duds" they are called because unexploded, and the huge shell holes peer at you out of the broken masonry.

At Verdun I almost felt as if standing on sacred ground. It is an impressing scene. As one goes through the narrow streets, lined with great buildings, shattered and broken, with piles of rubbish all about, windows gone, walls that are left standing, pierced with shell holes and that strange silence of a deserted city, one feels almost awestruck as in the presence of a great tragedy.

And then to stand upon the citadel and repeat to oneself those immortal words of General Petain: "Ils ne passeront pas," gives one a thrill of pride and a feeling of respect and admiration for the people who could make that true. "They shall not pass" will be a household saying among the French in all the years to come, as they recall the splendid defense of their heroic poilus when the invading Hun tried over and over in vain to take the great citadel of Verdun.

After climbing to the top we went down into the underground city beneath the fortress. Here, in long tunnels, and chambers, and connecting passage ways, is space for an army of ten thousand men, with necessary supplies and camp equipment, including barracks, officers' quarters, chapel, commissariat, telephone exchange and all so deeply hidden as to be unassailable.

From Verdun we went by truck to Varennes. Nothing but the shell or fringe of this old, historic town is left standing. Both the German and the Americans having battered it to pieces by their barrage. This is the place where Louis XVI was arrested on his attempted flight out of the Kingdom during the French Revolution. There are no inhabitants there now, nothing, that is, except soldiers. A small piece of the church still

stands, and some houses on the hill above the river Aire, which empties into the Aisne farther to the north. From the ruins of the town, we walked out to another battle ground, Hill 203, I think it is called, or by some, the American Dead Man's Hill.

This great hill is covered with trenches, absolutely pitted with shell holes, great and small, burrowed with dugouts, blown to pieces with mines, dotted with sand-bag defenses, crisscrossed with barbed wire and every conceivable kind of entanglement, and strewn so thickly with hand-grenades, especially the so-called "potato mashers" of the Boches, that one had to be very careful where he placed his foot. For the infernal machines of the Germans are still "infernal," although the war is over.

From the top of the hill we could look down into the edge of the Argonne Forest, and see the trenches zigzagging off into the distance and the trees stripped of their branches by the machine guns and artillery fire.

On the way back I picked up a fine specimen of fossil remains, as well as some other interesting souvenirs of this famous spot, in the long battle line, stretching from the channel to the Suvier boundary and beyond.

I have already used so much valuable space, that I will not attempt this time to describe my third trip to Nimes and the Mediterranean.

Perhaps I shall leave this for an oral description after we get back to the land and the homes we are all longing to see again.

With kind regards to all who may be glad to receive such a message, I remain,

Very truly yours,

E. H. PARKMAN,

Y. M. C. A. Sect., Am. E. F.

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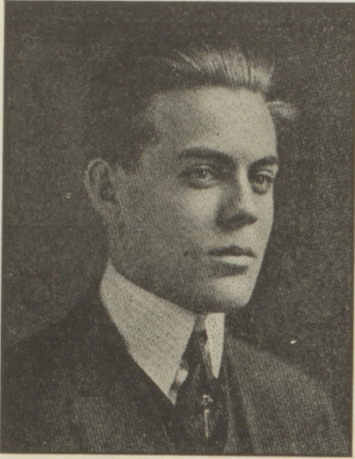
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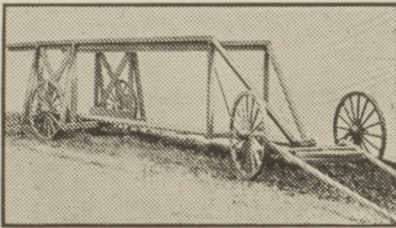
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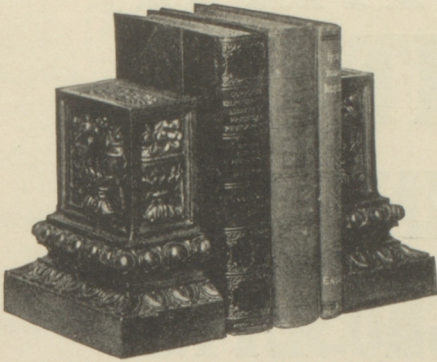
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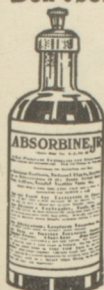
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